



"While you Live, Live Well."

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PATIENTS

Wit and Humor, Prose and Poetry.

Vol. 1, No. 1.

Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., February 25, 1888.

Price 10 Cents Per Copy.

WHEN THE FINAL END WILL COME.

By Emma Train.

When we have learned the laws divine,
In every blade that grows;
When we have caught the truths that shine
From every star that glows
When we have counted every grain
Of sand on every shore;
When all the links in life's vast chain
We've counted rightly o'er;

When we have roamed the depths of space
And named each glowing sun
And found each planet in its place
Since time its rounds have run;
When we have followed back the thread
Through centuries untold,
Unwound the mysteries long fled
And named the strands of gold;

When we have found the mighty source,
From whence have started on their course
The worlds that round us roll;
When we have solved the problems deep
Of one immortal life;
And learned to read the mystic sleep
That quiets all its strife;

When we have gathered up the tears
That fell through earth's long night,
When human hopes, and human fears
Were lost to angel sight;
When we have learned to legislate
In God's eternal halls
And caught the measure and the weight
Of every truth that falls;

When thought's sublimest heights are ours
With all the light supreme;
When we have gained life's fullest powers
And dreamed its grandest dreams;
When we are standing hand in hand
With all infinity
With every truth at our command,—
The final end will be!

EDITORIAL.

After weary weeks of silence, we are at last able to resume the publication of our society journal. Letters, telegrams and telephones have been pouring into the office daily, asking the cause of the paper's non-appearance, but the heart of the paper was too full for utterance and they have remained unanswered till the present time. It becomes our sad duty to explain why the paper suspended publication. It was devotedly attached to its late editor, who is now languishing in prison for blackmail and libel. His sad fate so grieved the paper that it wept its "Voice" away and its brain became paralyzed. A consultation with the Sanitarium M. D's. resulted in the unanimous conclusion that it must be sent to the ward, as nothing would save its

life but the scalpel.

The Drs. skillfully removed the organ of combativeness, inserted in its place one of approbateness, took several stitches out of the medulla oblongata, which was found to be shirred, and put a few stitches in the central ganglia which had been cut on the bias, after which strict seclusion and silence were enjoined for four weeks, which expired this morning. The great mental strain caused loss of memory, and when we questioned the paper, we learned the sad truth that it had forgotten its name and could not remember where its former dress had been stored. But being very patriotic, it thought it would like to be called the Eagle, and, having the largest circulation of any paper in the world, we decided to give it the name of Spread Eagle. The water supply being short, we did not have it christened, so that the name can yet be changed should our patrons desire. And now with a new name, and new dress, which latter is made after the Jeness-Miller-Mother-Hubbard combination style, we make our bow.

We exceedingly regret what we are obliged to do with one copy of the Spread Eagle this evening. We had fully intended to have a hundred and fifty thousand copies printed on the New Riley Electric Press, but on our way to the press room, we encountered that small black individual without whom a printing office would be incomplete, who in his mad haste pied the form and sent the type all flying into the place where pied type always goes. As pie is a scarcity in this institution, there was a general rush made by the office hands to get a piece and in about three seconds after the accident not an individual type could be found. However, Dr. Kellogg has given peremptory orders that no other form shall be pied in this society, even if our printing office was to lose its devil. We have purchased, at great expense, the sole use of Professor Riley and Edison's new elevated electric railway by which the South Sea Island subscribers and those who summer at the North Pole can have our paper three hours after it leaves the folding room. A private telephone from our office will connect with every city in the world, and at any time you can call us up and get the latest news from everywhere. To encourage enterprise and the dissemination of thought we will pay a small premium to every

"hello" fellow who makes use of this instrument.

As the Spread Eagle soars far above all money making schemes, we will pay each subscriber a dollar for his name and the best looking ones shall be presented with a chromo.

We would respectfully call the attention of our subscribers to the artistic illustration on the first page of the Spread Eagle. It gives us great pleasure to state that we have secured the services of the distinguished "sketch artist", Z. Q. Dennis of Cincinnati, and that from time to time we will be able to give our friends sketches of the Sanitarium that will be true to life and twice as natural.

WHY DO GIRLS CHEW GUM?

This momentous question has taxed the gigantic intellect of present and past generations to their utmost limit.

Students have consumed midnight oil, yet their labors have been rewarded only by the discovery of gum in the lampwick. Correspondence on the subject has failed to develop gum enough to stick the envelope,—the weary correspondent throws up his hands in despair and exclaims "Devel(ope) take the envelope!"

The Postmaster General in answer to general inquiry condescends to elucidate in terms general and emphatic as follows: "Enclose stamp for reply."

The girl whose composition suggests the delicate tint of strawberry blonde, and whose heredity has tended in the direction of red-head-ity chews gum carefully culled from the billows of the Red Sea.

The girl with Auburn tresses and flaxen bang, bangs the door as she chews her favorite brand of amber imported from the south shore of the Baltic, a sure cure for Baltic-doloreaux.

The girl with nut-brown curls chews gum secreted by the butternut tree. She munch butternut at the Sanitarium where chestnuts are cheap.

The girl with raven locks chews gum manufactured out of sediment from ink-bottles still her admirers persist in "raven" about her beauty.

They all do it. But why do they do it? Again we ask why do girls chew gum? But this time we ask (not) a miss.

Every premonitory prompting of a glorious past leads up to the meritable conclusion that girls chew gum because they choose gum.

"Good gracious" said an antiquated Miss the other evening, as she watched Dr. Riley's magic wand waving gracefully over the head of a handsome young widow "how I wish that 'sparkling machine' had been in use thirty years ago."

KILLING TIME.

"You must learn to kill time," says Mr. Carlyle, "or time will kill you." The question is,—how can this be done? The most successful plan is always to have a big job on hand, with "millions in it" and no time for visitors! There is nothing like a boom, individually, to drown the sound of the hammer of the clock.—Give time no chance to talk—doctor it yourself. Let the world know you are on deck; and propose to run a big sail, against wind and wave, and you will never hear the call of the hour.—It is those who have nothing to do, or think they can do nothing, that feel time a burden. The greatest trouble with people is that they don't think half enough of themselves. There is a bonanza just in front of you! Go for it—and you will forget it—time, with its doleful tales and dirges—and all your heartaches and other ills

which flesh is heir to—will not be felt or heard in the din and bustle of your aroused energies.

JUST TRY IT.

By Laura C. B.

We think that the San. is a very nice place To cure all the ailments of body or face, We'll treat you so well, you'll feel like a new man

If you'll do as you're told, while you stay at the San.

If you've lost your ambition, got a spell of the blues,

Can't breathe as you ought, or wear too tight shoes

You'll hear some good talk on the natural plan,

And we'll give you some "grits" if you'll come to the San.

For, we've lots of good doctors to aid her, in this,

Tho' it may be a bone, or a muscle you'll miss.

Just do as they tell you, whatever the plan And you'll never regret that you came to the San.

"SPOONEING"

It is understood that Dr. Kellogg is experimenting and hopes soon to discover the germ producing the fatal malady of "spooning". In the meantime, close confinement is suggested, as the malady is so catching.

"There is a gain for all our losses. There is a balm for every pain" says the poet. We wonder if the balm referred to was hot fomentations, or whether as a quick and effectual cure for existing ills, a bomb of a more explosive nature was recommended.

The Spread Eagle.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT THE SANITARIUM.

Terms.—Every person subscribing for the Spread Eagle will receive a handsome present and a year's subscription free.
 Mrs. Lowe,..... EDITRESS.
 Miss Sears,..... ASSISTANT

The present officers of the Sanitarium Literary Society are:
 President, Albert Sarbaugh;
 Vice-President, Mrs. Minnie Mayor;
 Secretary, C Von Hagen;
 Treasurer, Dr. Riley.

FIRE AT THE EAST LODGE.

A few days since smoke was seen issuing from the roof of East Lodge, and as is usual under such circumstances some very funny incidents occurred. Many of our readers have doubtless seen the pretty little hand grenades which adorn the walls of the many halls and corridors of the San. and felt very safe and secure from dangers by fire because of them. Well, upon the first alarm of fire several industrious ones were seen carefully gathering them up and carrying them safely out of doors to keep them from being broken. One of the helpers who often dissolves in tears began to weep copiously, having possibly heard that salt water is better than fresh for extinguishing fire.

Another very sizable lady helper, weighing about 180, in her haste and zeal ran against the dignified and august person of one brother P. who gently sat down on the frozen ground, "great being the fall thereof." The long hose which is always kept in readiness for fire was unrolled and dragged out, but unfortunately the wrong end was pointed toward the fire. Mr. P. after diligent search found a ladder and placed it carefully against the house after the fire was out. The fire department responded to the summons with a lack of alacrity which made us think of a ward patient out for the first airing in a wheel chair; but for all the smoke there was but little fire and we were thankful that we were provided with all the various extinguishers before mentioned.

CHRONICLES.

Chapter 3rd.

And it came to pass in the month of November that a certain man, one of the patients at the Sanitarium, having nothing to do and a hard time doing it, conceived the idea of forming a literary society from among the patients. Immediately he rushed into the Doctor's office and found Drs. Riley and Dunlap to whom he imparted the new idea, whereupon they both shouted "Eureka!" From them he went straightway to Dr. and Mrs. Place, both of whom at once said "It is the very thing needed to enliven and cheer the patients up." He then visited Drs. Hare and Stewart and was pleased to hear them also express their approbation of the plan. Some of them very kindly offering to assist in any way they could to make the effort a success. Now the idea was all right, the next thing was to put it into practice.

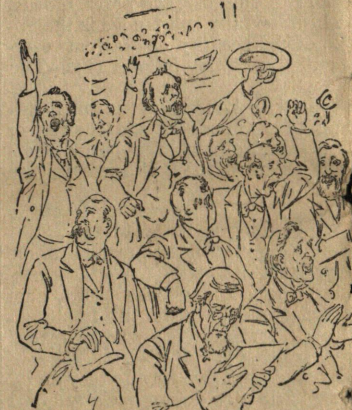
Never since Moses smote the rock and drew water has there been any thing that would run itself. The machinery must be put in motion and as two were better than one to start the machine so the man began to look around among the patients for some one to whom he could confide his project. He was not long in finding the right man. There was a right smart young man from Dakota in the law and loan business and to him he imparted the new idea and he was overjoyed when he

heard it. "It is just what we want to wake us up here," said he "and I will help you all I can." So the two went to work and on Monday, the 21st of Nov. the first meeting was held and a great many people came together and one Wickham by name was made chairman of the meeting and he explained what sort of a society it was intended to form. One that should debate questions, give readings and declamations, read essays and sing songs, and also read the papers which should be attached to the society. A committee on organization was appointed and the meeting adjourned till the next night.

The next night they came together again and appointed the meeting to be held regularly every Saturday evening. Mr. Wickham was chosen President, Mrs. Place, Vice-President, and Mrs. Minnie Mayor was chosen to edit the paper; the term of office being for four weeks. Mr. Curt Von Hagen was made Secretary of the Literary Society and Dr. Riley was made Treasurer on the same conditions. As the Dr. was an attaché of the Sanitarium it was thought safe to do this. It has been no little trouble to the Dr., however, for as he was going out from the San. late one evening a few weeks after his appointment, a stout woman, one of the members of the Literary Society seized hold of him and very nearly shook him out of his coat, at the same time crying to the Dr. "So you were running off with our money, were you? You thought because you were little you could squeeze out without being seen; but I have been watching you and now I have caught you." But the Dr. kindly asked permission to show her the constitution and they found that only eight members had signed and paid making but 80 cts. in the treasury and the woman begged the Dr.'s pardon and said she would talk to the Society and ask why they did not pay up. The Dr. told her that would be the best restitution to his wounded feelings she could make.

A question was chosen for debate. Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished. Mr. Wayne was appointed in the affirmative and Mr. Von Hagen in the negative, and so the San. Literary Society was launched upon the great literary sea.

Since the last issue of the "Literary Voice" we have welcomed home our popular matron, Mrs. Hall, from her visit to the land of flowers. Her cheerful face makes us feel that she has brought some of California's sunshine and brightness back with her. Persons visiting the Sanitarium may always feel sure of receiving the greatest kindness and courtesy from her.



The Patients at the San receiving the news of the first publication of the Spread Eagle, Saturday, Feb. 25th.

"Wal stranger what's the matter with you? Look like's though yer had dropsy?" "Well you see the doctors consulted about my case when I came and each prescribed 2 glasses of hot water before each meal and there were five doctors but I'm afraid ten glass are nine too many."

Musical and Literary.



The Sanitarium Literary Society gave the usual weekly entertainment in the parlors and entertained quite an audience last Saturday evening. The music and literary exercises were well rendered and received with marked applause. The principal feature being the quartette which was excellent.

The thanks of the patients and managers of the Sanitarium are due to the Battle Creek Orchestra who gave a very fine concert in the gymnasium, Thursday evening, March 8th. The pieces were all well rendered and enthusiastically received by the audience.

Dimpled forehead and wrinkles is the title of the very interesting lecture given in the gymnasium last Tuesday evening by the Rev. Robert Nourse of Washington, D. C. This gentleman is indeed a very talented speaker, his lecture being filled to the brim with wit and humor, shedding a gleam of sunshine over the audience who listened in rapt attention to his words of encouragement, funny stories, quaint sayings and good advice. At the close of the lecture Dr. Kellogg proposed a rising vote of thanks which met with a unanimous response.



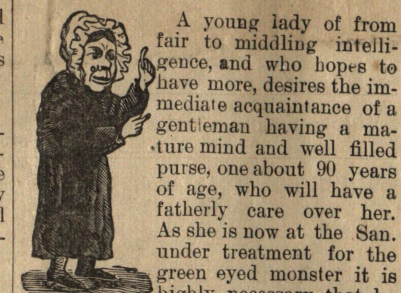
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
 (From a Photo. by Watery. Photographer to the Queen, London.)

The debate of the Literary Society on Saturday evening was a most interesting one. The question, Resolved:—That the condition of Great Britain points to Victoria as the last reigning Sovereign, was discussed ably on both sides. F. A. Dean and A. Sarbaugh for the affirmative, and E. M. Aldrich and C. Van Hagen for the negative. The points of discussion on the affirmative were,—from Mr. Dean, the now almost supreme power of the House of Commons, the degeneration of the House of Lords, the unpopularity of the Prince of Wales, the growth of universal suffrage, the little power of the Sovereign, and the whole government and people, Republican in spirit, and will soon be so in form. Mr. Sarbaugh that that conservatism would end in a Republican reform, the Trafalgar-Square riots indicate the state of the people and the unpopularity of royalty in England. On the negative side Mr. Aldrich argued that the immense British debt would hold the people together and that they were not disposed to become a Republic. Mr. Von Hagen held that there is no chance of such a change, and that to make such a change would be considered as improbable by the political leaders as to import a foreign Prince to rule this country.

Also that both the great parties in Parliament are Royalistic, and if there was a Republican sentiment at large there would surely be a great Republican party to voice this sentiment. Both sides argued very well but the judges rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative.

Burmeh, India and the missionary work of Miss Ambrose was talked about and explained by that lady in the parlor on Wednesday evening and was very good. Miss Ambrose also exhibited some clothing made by the Burmese which was quite as good as some of our modern work.

MATRIMONIAL COLUMN.



A young lady of from fair to middling intelligence, and who hopes to have more, desires the immediate acquaintance of a gentleman having a mature mind and well filled purse, one about 90 years of age, who will have a fatherly care over her. As she is now at the San. under treatment for the green eyed monster it is highly necessary that he should have sown his wild oats and gotten through with the harvest before replying to this advertisement. If he is bashful or shy she will exercise the human right divine, of 1888, by doing the question popping h. self. Appearance no object if the old gentleman has plenty of spot cash. References exchanged; but to hurry matters up a bit, she refers at once to the fighting editor of the Spread Eagle. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, and 50 cents if you want photo, Miss S., Spread Eagle office.

Wanted—a frisky young widow of sweet sixteen wishes to correspond with a view to matrimony, with an elderly gentleman, having grey hair and moustache. A farmer preferred having numerous grown up sons and daughters. It is very essential that he should wear a blue neck tie. Said widow having for the last twenty years been intimately connected (by marriage) with the blue ribbon movement. As she has been twice a patient at the Sanitarium she is accustomed to good milk—rich milk—milk with cream on the top and bottom; so it is absolutely necessary that he should have a herd of Jersey cows. A widower (or one who is likely to become one soon) filling the bill can address "Widow H" care of the "Spread Eagle". Photos exchanged. If there is no photographer on the farm, a charcoal sketch will answer the purpose.

A mature and thoroughly respectable widow, aged 72, with mild brown eyes and front hair worn a la Montague, wishes a husband young enough to adopt so that she can educate him to her taste and mould his opinions to her will. He must have blue eyes and light hair, be of an impulsive nature, and one who does not object to chewing gum himself to keep her company. One with a decided musical taste preferred. As said widow is now being treated for being too hilarious, she thinks the above described husband would do the hilarity act for her thus saving her strength and nerve power. It is very essential that the young man should have a good natural mother who will not visit them too often. Address as quickly as possible Widow M., Spread Eagle office.

A young lady, poetically inclined, who hails from the Buckeye state, would like to marry. She prefers a tall slender person with broad forehead and a drooping moustache and brown eyes. If this should not meet the gaze of such an individual a different looking person might apply with a reasonable hope of success. Being out of her teens, she is no Spring chicken, and wants no foolishness. Only persons meaning business need apply. Send photograph, specimen poem and accurate bank account to Miss M., this office.

THE HALLELUJAH WEDDING.

One evening last week as we were sitting in our plush, cushioned, editorial chair waiting in the dim twilight for contributions which never came, a gentle rap was heard upon our door, such a timid, faint, little rap, rap, rap, that we were inclined to think some gentle spirit had winged its way earthward; and having lost some of its "backbone" in its flight, had stopped at the Sanitarium to get straightened up again. But why should it rap on our door when Dr. Lindsay's office is just across the hall? The newspaper editor is proverbially a temperance person. Never permitting spirits of any kind to find a way into the sanctum. We had, that afternoon, set up a whole column of solid noapareil headed, "Yield not to temptation," which not being quite case hardened, left a deep impression on our soul, we would not open the door.

Another rat-a-tat-tat made us feel mighty creepy, and, with an all-over-iss sensation, such as is only felt when a man is about to encounter the ghost of his mother-in-law, we opened the door very cautiously. There stood a full formed materialization in good light. Graciously! we thought that must be the very identical fellow who wrestled with Jacob, and not having a very healthy "understanding" we placed our hand on our hip pocket in an attitude of self defense before venturing a single word. Then in a faint and trembling voice we asked: "Are you a spirit?" "No!" he replied in tones of thunder! "I am a man! In the language of Pinafore, 'I am an Englishman,' and have been commissioned to leave this package with the editor of the 'Spread Eagle,' air you he?" We tremblingly answered "Yes we are he with an s before it." With one of those lightning changes which puzzle one so, our spook, or man disappeared leaving only that queer round package in our hand. Visions of dynamite, internal machines and executions by electricity flashed with lightning rapidity through what we call our brain. We sent for a barrel of hot water and after giving this fear-inspiring article several sponge baths and numerous fomentations, we dared to break the seal, and our gaze rested upon—Oh! shades of "Billy Emerson" a tambourine. Across the sheep's head on which was a broad band of red satin on which was printed in letters of gold, in the Volapuk language these words: Compliments of the Salvation Army, requesting the pleasure of your company to witness the marriage ceremony of our worthy captain, Mr. John Smith, and our right honorable Brigadier General, Miss Mary Jones. Reserved seats for the entire Spread Eagle staff including the devil of whom we are in no wise afraid. Did we accept? Will a duck swim? Well I should say we did accept. After two months of Sanitarium diet we feel "fresh", and although we get into an occasional pickle we still feel an indescribable longing for the ice cream and cake which the announcement of a wedding always suggests.

Although we were there long before the appointed time, we found Centennial Hall crowded to its utmost capacity and this notice over the ticket office window, "Standing room all gone." Thanks to the pious look on our editorial face, we were accorded the best possible seat for both seeing and hearing the whole of the show.

We had trimmed our lamp and had it lighted before starting and although it had gone out several times on the way we were careful to have it burning when the trumpet sounded. Silence followed that long loud toot! Every body's heart except that of the Spread Eagle's editor (who sat facing the audience) seemed put on the spinal column the wrong way, so eager were they to get a peep at the bride. The Salvation band struck up the wedding march, when there came the lively tread of many feet making us think of marching through Georgia, a very ecstatic.

ic, elastic sort of march, as if the warmth and glow and sunshine of the lovely tropical state of matrimony was hurrying them on, so to speak. Every member of the Army answered to the roll call down to Billy, the boot-black.

After an appropriate prayer by the commander-in-chief, the bride rendered with thrilling effect the solo which, was not so low but that it could be heard throughout the audience, commencing with these lines:

"This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not." This was quickly followed by seven female quartettes in the hymn beginning: "Oh! for a man—Oh! for a man—Oh! for a mansion in the skies"

At the close of this hymn, which was sung with the spirit and the understanding the Rev. Mr. Tie-em-tight asked the contracting parties to step in front of the ranks. It took just one minute and a half to throw the noose over their poor necks and draw the knot so tight that even Hermann himself could never have gotten out of it.

From the difference in the tone of the responses it did not take us long to decide that the whole affair was the outgrowth of leap year.

Congratulations being next in order, the Spread Eagle representative was asked to salute the bridegroom, but seeing his pale face flush with emotion, we contented ourselves with grasping his hand and making these heartfelt remarks: "Old boy, we are glad you have studied that part of the Scriptures which teaches you that it is not good for man to be alone. We hope this may prove one of the matches which Lucifer forgot to put his brand upon. Always keep a stick handy. May your case never be empty and never need cleaning up. May the pages of your lives be filled with live matter. Don't forget to pay the devil well on earth and when you come to lay down your forms, may you submit a clean proof sheet to the Reader of hearts." Overcome with emotion, we sat down and the audience closed the festivities by singing "We are going home".

TAKEN FROM LIFE.



Would you believe a man could make such headway in so short a time? Great hope ahead for dyspeptics!

We are often meet with the inquiry, "Why do girls kiss each other and boys do not?" We would suggest as a reason that the girls have nothing better to kiss and the boys have.

Our office was mistaken yesterday for the "post office", we don't know why, unless that everybody has to resort to the newspaper if they want to be well posted. We looked the package over and taking pity on Uncle Sam's hard worked clerks, stamped him with a new one cent stamp, and sent him away. As he has not returned we hope he has been received all right by his mother to whom he was directed.

ALPHABETICAL JINGLES.

A is for Alway that clever young man Whom, we regret, is soon leaving the San.

B is for Baldwin, numbers one, two and three, And for Bond and for Brown and our poet Miss B.

C is for Chapman in her pretty tea gown, So cheery and bright, with never a frown.

D is for Dean highly versed in classical lore, Who keeps the bell boys all flying from floor to floor.

E is for everybody, lame, deaf and blind, Who have been lucky enough the San to find.

F is for Formen, whom we often heard mutter "Why, oh! why cannot I be treated to butter?"

G is for Griffith, whose dear little girl is a jewel so rare, a pure, perfect pearl.

H is for Hixon, Hane, Hubbard and Hare, And for Hall who gives strangers such kindness and care.

I is myself, so frightened and shy, If you laugh once again, I am sure I will cry.

J is for Jocko, who dwells down below, K is for Kellogg our skilled physician, you know.

L is for Lindsay who lectures each week And dresses Maria in costumes unique.

M is for Morey, who starving on "grits" Ate seven white ants, since when he's had fits.

M is also for Myers who so charmingly sings, That we are surprised she is still without wings.

N is for Nolta so graceful and pretty, We have not known her long but we're sure she is witty.

O—Mrs. O'Shaughnessy we've hunted in vain For a suitable rhyme to go with your name.

P is for Place, both husband and wife From her happy smile, they must live without strife.

Q is for quandy, a disease we have had Since alphabet jingles became our last tad.

R is for Riley, who manufactures more sparks Than the worst of the "Sans" in their jolliest larks.

S is for Sarbough, whose efforts so great Have made our society a holiday fete.

T is for Tucker our singer and preacher, In our musical soirees he's our principal feature.

U is for us poor editors we, Who in this kind of work are entirely at sea.

V—is von Hagaa, our heavy weight man Whose healthful appearance is a card for the San.

W is for Washer, bowed down in despair, Having lost his Soule, asks the Parson's best prayer.

And also for Woodward so tall, graceful and fine, That all the young ladies to him take a shine.

X is for Xylophogous, which means feeding on wood, A few weeks more here, and we think that we could.

Y is for you, dear friends one and all, When we make our bow, we ask no recall.

Z is Zo-to-o-mist, Dr. Kellogg's one, sure We have given you now, all the trash you'll endure.

A most delightful birthday surprise party was given the senior editor of the Spread Eagle by several of her Sanitarium friends on the evening of Feb. 26.

Statistics show that in the total population of the world the proportion of women is greater than that of men. An excellent illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

In a late sensational novel we noticed the following remarkable statement: "With one arm he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves and with the other called loudly for help."

We get three meals a day at the "San" observed a young gentleman, although we eat but twice a day. "How is that we asked?" "Well you see, we eat oat meal, corn meal and graham meal."

This paper was first read on Saturday evening February 25. at the Literary Society. The following Monday a subscription was gotten up to have it published and this sheet is the consequence. So grab them quick and send them to your friends, and every one who is interested in your presence at the Sanitarium.

A one-armed man does every thing in an off-hand way.

"Oh, mamma!" said a little one, "I eat so much. It spoils my appetite."

An invention has been recently patented called a rotary squeezer. They are likely to become very popular with the girls.

It was Brigham Young's son, who wrote the line: "What is home without a mother?"

Two oysters in a gallon of lukewarm fluid at a church fair are no longer called stews, but aquariums.

If you are anxious to do some hard missionary work, leave your club and spend your evenings with your family.

The farmer has his work nearly finished, and will soon have nothing to do but sit on the fence and shoot wandering tree agents.

There is nothing that will knock the ground-pinning from under a man's theological training quicker than to walk against the edge of a door in the dark.

An American tourist said that a San Domingo revolution consists of "a few yells, three or four hoots, some one accidentally wounded, and come home, darling—all is forgiven."

Gave Him Sunday for a Holiday. "Why were you not at the office yesterday?" questioned an employer of his clerk as he entered his office on Tuesday after New Year.

"Why, sir, you posted a notice last week which read: 'THIS OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT'."

"And you absented yourself for that reason?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may deduct a day's wages from your weekly allowance. Perhaps it may teach you to be more careful in the future. Monday was the second and not the first day of January."

A Hopeful Irishman. Irish convict's letter to his wife: "Dear Mary. This is to let you know I am well and hope to see you before very long. I've been sentenced for the term of my natural life, but as they allow their prisoners one-third time for good behavior, you see I can soon earn my freedom."

ESSAY.

THE EFFECT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN UPON THE WORLD.

By MRS. J. H. BALDWIN.

It does not require argument or statistics to prove to intelligent people that woman, though an important, has been, and in many countries is to-day a much abused factor of the human race.

Man believing himself to have been God's first thought, has ever maintained the highest place in his own estimation; and the fact that God did not say it was good for woman to be created, but that it was not good for man to be alone becomes significant and would seem to imply that the masculine being was the sole consideration in the Infinite mind.

"Might has constituted the right and mental and debasing services have been exacted of woman without regard to their consequences upon the human family; until outraged nature has taken her revenge in all conceivable degrees of suffering and crime.

Even the light of a risen Redeemer was sought to be misappropriated and confined to the few of the masculine gender, and for many centuries there lingered on the horizon but the faintest dawn of a christian civilization that should eventually shine in its meridian splendor upon woman directly, and through her upon the entire race. But whether man would bear or forbear, the voice of the Master recognizing woman as his mother and sister comes ringing down the centuries, frequently awakening an echo in the heart and brain of some intrepid woman, and a heroine commands the world's attention, and history records her a phenomenon—a freak of nature—not a suggestion that the millions of women who were an actual curse to the world might possibly be developed into a blessing.

And thus neglecting the foundation principles, the structure called civilization has ever been unstable and dangerous.

Barbarians have been multiplied and carnage has done its fatal work in a pitiless but futile endeavor to civilize the world.

Time has sped on recognizing in its wake the need of education for man, while with rare exceptions woman has not been allowed the crumbs that fell from her master's table.

It becomes us to inquire what the study of the dead languages and the abstruse sciences does for the masculine mind; not one in a thousand expects to use a tilde of the branches he has earnestly delved into for years, and might not be able to translate a Greek or Latin sentence in a decade after receiving his diploma.

But his mind has had the benefits of the discipline and drill which can only be obtained in these menial gymnasiums. In short he has learned how to think. All the faculties of his brain have been aroused and given exercise and tone, vigor and velocity, and, providing he had a fair endowment as a child and that his physical and moral training have not been neglected, he emerges the full rounded, broad minded man, capable of fulfilling his high destiny.

Can you conceive of a position where that man's education would not prove a blessing to him and reflect blessings upon all with whom he comes in contact?

Now, suppose this picture instead of representing man, represents woman, and this unit were multiplied by as many millions as it requires, to mother the human race; think you the world would not be infinitely benefited? I speak from the mother's standpoint, than which, there is none higher, for indeed it is all absorbing.

I am not an advocate of universal suffrage, yet when the path of duty leads to the ballot box, I will doubtless walk therein.

But give to the world a right minded motherhood, and in a few generations it will matter little who deposits the ballot; for, do you not see, both fathers and mothers would then bear the regenerated stamp, and candidates and voters alike be right minded people.

Go a step further and evangelize this enlightened motherhood, and you have the millennial dawn, that shall grow brighter and brighter till the full noon-tide glory is ushered in; the ideal reign of the Redeemer of the world, and methinks He would see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. I am talking of higher education in its most comprehensive sense, not educating the brain at the expense of the body or morals or both; and to serve the purpose of a symmetrical education all colleges and universities are equipped with chapels and gymnasiums that every species of training may go hand in hand, and I, blushing, must confess that these do not accomplish the objects for which they were established because of lax and injudicious training during the impressible years of childhood and youth for which mothers are held directly responsible.

Some argue that culinary and other domestic departments would suffer under this new regime. Do not these departments suffer now because of the frivolous thoughts and ultra fashionable lives led by millions of mothers? If households are to be neglected, how would their so-called heads better employ their time with idle gossip and scandal, frivolity and dissipation, a curse in and of themselves, or in some literary and scientific research, which, in the abstract are right and useful, though they may be ill-timed. But the higher education of woman includes domestic economy. It includes everything that enhances her sphere of usefulness by systematizing her daily routine and thus economizing time and talent. Oh! how woman has been forced to abuse this short probation called life!

I would ask you of what advantage it can be to the world; that hygienic scientists spend their patient energies in working out the intricate problems of dietetics for their fellowmen, when those on whom they must depend to execute their fine spun theories are totally incapable of grasping their import; and so by the time they have passed through the hands of—never so beautiful, amiable and well disposed, undisciplined house-wives into the hands of unskilled cooks, the result is bad digestion and alas! worse morals.

The world in its present constituency seems fearful that opinions will clash when the feminine mind has become illuminated, and it would indeed be sad if discord should reign more triumphantly than it has hitherto.

But the experiment is already proven to be worth the trial and as its legitimate results we see tolerance in place of bitterness, frankness substituted for deceit, honor for irresponsibility, punctuality for tardiness, reality for affectation, stability for fickleness, in short reason for that nondescript faculty known as intuition, so generously and indisputably accorded to woman.

Things assume importance in this world in direct proportion as they become scientific. We stand in awe of civil and military governments because they embody the power of constituted authority based upon scientific principles; whilst domestic authority, which should be the strong foundation of these, is trampled under foot. There should be a science of domestic government, which will never exist until woman is capable of grasping and conquering the situation.

At present it is a neutral territory at best—at worst a never ceasing cause of bitter strife. There is no chart or compass, helm, rudder or anchor, each family is a law unto itself. What the remedy shall be and how applied, are questions that must be settled as all other important questions are being settled—by agitation and experience.

We have nurses' training schools, agricultural, horticultural and business schools and colleges, and why should we

not have domestic schools, and colleges, where all branches of housekeeping in their widest range, and most minute details, are taught theoretically and practically, including a training school for nurses of little children. When we look the world over and see what the partial enlightenment of woman has already accomplished, we must believe that when fully liberated she will lay the axe at the root of the tree of evil and patiently strike blow after blow until the giant is fallen.

Though a discouraging task women are doing much to reform those already grown old in vice and are making commendable efforts to form the children of these into good and wholesome citizens. It is her province to maintain in the poor districts of the large cities which are the hot beds of degradation, free nurseries where the poor mothers, who are actual beasts of burden, may leave their infants to be tenderly cared for while they go out to earn their daily bread and far too often the drink that makes brutes of their husbands.

These nurseries will be generously supplemented by fine kindergartens, the most radically civilizing and humanizing of all the charitable institutions. If legislation does its appointed work these kindergartens will be supplemented by a coercive system of free schools, with the high schools, the poor man's college from which it is but a step to the State University, the possible good of those endowed with intellect and ambition and who have emblazoned on their banners the motto "where there's a will there's a way." Will you not agree that these are the successive links of a golden chain that shall eventually bind society into a virtuous unit?—the sole unerring and radiant remedy for intemperance and its kindred social evil. This is the living, advancing, energizing gospel of civilization which every woman may help to disseminate without opposition, and by which she may do more toward ridding prisons of their inmates and the gallows of its victims in two generations, than centuries of legislation could accomplish. Because woman is just emerging from the darkness and enjoys the dawn of liberty with such zest she is eager to share the light with all who are groping; and education in its most pervasive sense is the fulcrum upon which she would place her lever to raise the whole out of moral degradation.

Victor Hugo said, "Destroy the Cave Ignorance and you destroy the Mole Crime." An important question is how shall these poor children subsist while recovering their education, and woman's foresight when trained to meet emergencies will no doubt be found equal to this one and the boys and girls will have lucrative industrial employment furnished for their spare hours, that as early as possible they may become self-supporting. Their kindergarten training will have prepared them to accept remunerative labor in place of idle recreation, so that when they arrive at adult years they shall be self-made men and women with some excuse for worshipping their maker.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that the children of beggars are responsive to efforts of encouragement which would have no effect upon the parents if applied directly; and yet the little one in whose heart and mind the leave of regeneration has been hidden, has proven verily the Kingdom of Heaven in the hovel of the beggar. With this boundless intellectual and moral realm constantly unfolding to woman she will surely be so absorbed in her own sphere and so justly approved of it, that she can have no desire to engross man's; and thus the world will be saved that tiresome harrangue about woman's sphere. When the women of the moral districts are thoroughly aroused upon this subject, they will band together for common improvement and a spirit of commendable discontent will be engendered and wax stronger and stronger, until farm life is revolutionized, and instead of eking out a mere existence of isolated drudgery, the families of farmers in the future will be grouped together in villages where educational, social,

and religious advantages may be enjoyed by all, and thus will our lunatic asylums become divested of their most fruitful source of recruits as is shown by reliable statistics.

May we not hope that America will ere long give to the world new definitions of liberty and patriotism, by flooding every benighted recess of her territory with the light of truth, and thus becoming the beacon to all nations.

Subjugation by force of arms has surely been given a fair trial, and is it not time men resort to more humane measures for curing wrongs than by committing worse wrongs?

"If man cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle fields and glory,
I writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story.
If man, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it, and abhor it;
If more relied on truth to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

A VISITOR'S IDEA OF THE SANITARIUM DRESS.

That promise, given in an unguarded moment to write something for the Sanitarium Saturday Night Journal of Literature and Funny Sayings has been a thorn in my side ever since.

In the first place it perplexes me to find a suitable subject. I want to be complimentary, but to compliment the Sanitarium within its own walls, where so many wonderful cures are placed on record each week, would be entirely out of place.

The next best thing I can think of to pay compliments to is not the ladies—O, no; but the nice, loose fitting blouse and skirt worn by the major portion of them within the Sanitarium walls, showing off beautiful woman in all her loveliness and perfection of form.

But wait; I will be complimenting the ladies before I know it; it is so natural, you know. If, in the years to come, when the many now invalids, then fully restored to sound health and strength will show their womanly wisdom and sound sense by still continuing to wear the Sanitarium dress, this renowned institution will have done a noble work.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the difference between a heavy extra and a light extra as charged in our weekly bills? Ans. A light extra is paying for a broken window "pain", (pane). A heavy extra is when Mr. Morey pays for a special massage given by O'Neil.

Why are so many more freaks of nature seen in American sanitariums than those of other countries? Ans. Because America is and will always be a free country (freak country).

Who has the most ups and downs in the Sanitarium? Ans. The elevator boy.

Why is the Sanitarium Zwieback like the tonsilitis? Ans. Because, it is (has) done up Brown.

What is the difference between old and young ladies? Ans. Old ladies are hairless and cappy while young ladies are careless and happy.

Why is the Sanitarium like many capitalists? Ans. The Moore we have the Moore we want.

In what way does the Sanitarium differ from and greatly excel every city in the world? Ans. It has a lady Mayor.

Why is the Sanitarium far more temperate than the moon? Ans. The moon only gets full once a month, while the Sanitarium tries its utmost to keep full all of the time.

Why is the Literary Society like the patients in the Sanitarium? Ans. Because neither of them have any constitution to speak of.

Wanted—A hook on which to hang the "close" of a lecture.